

The Maine Farmer: An Agricultural and Family Newspaper.

Maine Farmer.

Augusta, December 23, 1876.

TERMS OF THE MAINE FARMER.
\$20 IN ADVANCE, OR \$250 IF NOT PAID WITHIN
THREE MONTHS OF DATE OF SUBSCRIPTION.
Postage Free to all Subscribers.

All payments made by subscribers will be credited on their yellow slips attached to their papers. The price of the paper will be paid with the first payment, and will show the time to which he has paid, and will constitute, in all cases, a valid receipt for money remitted by him.

A subscriber desiring to change his post office address, or to make any other permanent communication to us, or to the name of the office to which it has been sent, or to another, we shall be unable to comply with his request.

Collectors' Notices.

Mr. C. S. ATEN is now calling upon our subscribers to Knock out.

Pisacane & Co. will call upon subscribers in Pisacane & Co. during the month of November.

Mr. S. T. TAYLOR will call upon our Subscribers in Washington, D. C., this month to collect.

To Delinquent Subscribers.

During the past year our publishers of the Farm have been engaged in revising their subscription list, and in purging the names of many of the more or less delinquent, who after repeated appeals and the most liberal offers of set leases, have failed to make payment. All of these unpaid accounts, except such as are due to us, have been turned over to an attorney for collection. This has been an unpleasant task, but necessity has left us no alternative. Now we are compelled to make another appeal to those delinquent subscribers whose names are retained in our list, and who, when the Farm is still regularly sent, will be liable to suit. We are not ready to sue, but we shall be compelled to do so, unless we can get payment.

All persons in arrears will be sent us the enclosed statement, of the rate of \$1 per year and two dollars additional, shall receive credit for all past indebtedness, and for a year's future in advance. THIS OFFER TO STAND OPEN UNTIL THE FIRST OF JANUARY, 1877. All payments made at this office, or by mail, or to our authorized agents, previous to that date, will be credited in accordance with the terms above stated.

The Mexican Revolution.

Latest dispatches confirm previous reports of the success of the Mexican revolution. The decisive battle was fought on hundred miles from the city of Mexico, on the 16th of November. Both armies fought with great courage and desperation, and at one time the insurgents began to break before the government troops, and the latter felt confident of a victory. But to their surprise and dismay a column of Diaz's forces attacked them suddenly in the rear and speedily routed them. The Mexican War Minister who was with Lerdo's army, was captured and immediately shot. Shocking atrocities are reported by Diaz's soldiers.

That night President Lerdo, hearing of the defeat of his army seized about twenty thousand dollars from the government pawn shops, and with an escort of fifty men escaped from his temporary capitol, but was afterward captured and is now a prisoner. For several days succeeding, anarchy prevailed everywhere, and especially in the city of Mexico, until Diaz entered it on the 24th ult., and comparative order was restored.

The beginning of the present troubles dates from the year 1871, when Diaz the present dictator, was defeated for the Presidency by Juarez. The latter who died very suddenly three years ago, was a man of wonderful nerve, of great ability and undoubtedly the wisest statesman that Mexico has ever produced. He was frequently assailed by Diaz and other revolutionary leaders, and on two or three occasions was temporarily driven from his capitol, but by his masterly policy and unflinching efforts, he preserved the integrity of the Republic through storm and tempest, as well as through calm and sunshine. His death was, however, a severe loss to the country.

The owners of the buildings burned are already making arrangements to rebuild some of them with more permanent structures. We trust that Dr. Harlow will put up a brick block two stories high. B. F. Parrott, Esq., has purchased the land of Mr. Hendee, and will put up a brick block, a portion of which is damaged; he was insured for \$3000. F. Hallin lost on building and damage to his granite block \$2000; insurance \$1300. J. D. Robbins and Moulton sustained considerable damage in removing their goods and water, but it was covered by insurance.

G. A. Philbrick lost a piano which was insured for \$6000; insurance \$2000. I. C. H. Fuller & Son, lost on musical instruments, &c., \$6000; insurance \$2000. Fuller & Capen lost on sewing machines, &c., \$2000; insurance \$500. Geo. W. Jones, auctioneer, lost on building and goods, \$4800; insurance \$2000. Job Printers, lost \$2000. H. M. Harlow lost on two stores \$3000; insurance \$2000. J. H. Dilliver saved his stock of furniture, much of it damaged; he was insured for \$4000. Granite bank building and Potter's saloon were damaged by fire, but not seriously. The buildings were all of wood, and some of them were only temporary structures. The buildings and many of the goods were highly combustible, and the saving of the wooden buildings between the fire and Parrott & Case's store, must be set down as good luck.

The owners of the buildings burned are also taking of brick blocks.

MAINE FIRE RECORD. A house at Calais, belonging to Mr. McCarty, was burned Saturday night. Loss \$1,000; insurance \$600.

The house and L of Geo. W. James on Kinderhook street, Pittston, was burned to the ground Monday afternoon, week. Most of the contents were saved. The building was insured for \$1100, which fully covers the loss.

B. S. Sweet's house in West Falmouth, near Maine Central station, valued at four thousand, insured twenty-five hundred on house and furniture, was burned last week.

The dwelling house of E. R. Brown of Bridgton, was burned Thursday night. Probable loss \$2000.

A building in Auburn, owned by M. Crafts & Co., took fire Friday night, and the roof was burned. Loss \$175; insured in the Hudson.

Another cold wave swept over the country Saturday, accompanied by very high winds. At Cleveland, Ohio, a large number of houses were unroofed, and in some instances the sides of buildings were torn off. One of the highest steeples in the city, St. Malachy church, was blown off. In New Haven the gale was severe and several vessels were driven ashore. We hear of more or less damage at other points West and North-west.

In Portland about noon, Saturday, the snow was still falling. The ice was very thick, and the latter accepted, and Inglesias thereby adopted the army of insurgents which supported the revolt against Lerdo. But Diaz and Inglesias soon began to quarrel over the division of the spoils and for sometime previous to the late decisive battle, had been on bad terms. Fortune has favored Diaz, and the complete route of the government troops has made him master of Mexico. It is doubtful, however, if Inglesias is put in peaceful possession of the office of claims. Diaz recognized his claims when it was policy for him to do so, but now that he is master of the situation, it is not probable that he will resile in an office which he has long coveted.

Diaz is almost a pure Indian. He served the Republic against Maximilian and there gained considerable popularity, but he is said to be ignorant, ambitious and extremely unscrupulous. Upon taking possession of the city of Mexico, his first act was to demand a loan of half a million of dollars from the United States, promising to pay one per cent a month. The disturbed condition of the country renders it difficult to obtain reliable news from Mexico, but reports from merchants who have arrived in New Orleans are that Inglesias has demanded of Diaz to be proclaimed President, but the latter declined to do it, unless he could name four members of the cabinet. This was refused. When Diaz proclaimed himself provisional president, and the war was to be continued between these two pretenders, and if like the "Kilkenny cats," they devoured each other no one will care.

Mexican politics have always been "unstable as water," and the selfish and ambitious schemes of unprincipled men have kept the country in a chronic state of disorder.

In view of the exciting political question which have been precipitated upon Congress, and the uncertainty which prevails respecting the result of our late election, are we not in danger of descending to the Mexican method of settling it? If our people do not wish to introduce such scenes of violence and anarchy into this country, as have always been the bane of Mexico, they must meet these questions in the spirit of concession and compromise, and burying out of sight all mere personal interests and ambitions, labor diligently for the public good.

Our YOUNG FOLKS MAGAZINE, a new paper of popular favor, is a elegantly illustrated and printed juvenile, with contents of the most elevated character. Persons who desire to keep posted up in these matters should subscribe for it.

Terms two dollars for the session.

CITY NEWS AND GOSIP. Mr. William Colder, the well known "Rip Van Winkle," is coming here with Schoelroff & Co.'s Combination, some time in January.

Partridge Brothers have a nice assortment of wreaths, crosses, &c., for Christmas, which is near at hand.—A cold wave came down from the Arctic regions Saturday night. Sunday morning the glasses indicated twenty degrees below zero, and the mercury did not rise above zero during the day. In the evening it was twelve below, and towards morning a cold storm set in with the mercury still below zero. Rev. Mr. Ebob preached in the Plymouth church, Portland, Sun'y.—Mr. T. Horn at Bowes' Jewelry store, takes orders for cut flowers for Christmas, and for other occasions.—Clapp has nice Valencia oranges at 4 cents each or 40 cts a dozen.—At the Free Baptist church social last week, over three hundred persons took supper.

Rev. A. Locke, son of A. D. Locke of this city, was recently ordained and admitted to the order of Deacons. Rev. G. F. Packard of Bangor, preached the sermon.—Nearly a foot of snow fell Monday and Monday night.—The afternoon train Monday was two hours and a half late.—Norse Horace has an assortment of illuminated and motto cards suitable for Christmas.—Persons who desire to remember their friends with some appropriate token of regard, will do well to examine the stock of ushers articles on sale at Partridge Brothers', opposite this place.—Mr. J. H. Dilliver has settled with the Insurance Companies, and has resumed business.—The County Commissioners are holding their annual session at the Court House.—Prof Burr of Hallowell, preached at the Granite Church last Sunday.—Mercury at 6 degrees below zero.

A. S. Barnes & Co., New York, have just issued General Carrington's Battles of the Revolution, a standard work and an elegant and appropriate gift for the Holidays. It is Royal Octavo, printed on fine tinted paper, and sold at \$6 to \$12,000, according to binding.

PORTLAND & WORCESTER LINE.—Additional Accommodations. The managers of the Portland & Worcester Line, New York and New England R. R., and the Boston & New York Air Railroads, have completed arrangements by which not only Portland, but the State of Maine is to have a new, all rail line to New York and the South and West.

CONFIRMING last Monday, the Washington Evening Express leaving Portland at 2:30 P. M., takes at Nashua a sleeping car for New York via Worcester, Putnam, Willimantic, Middlefield and New Haven, arriving at Grand Central Depot, in New York, at 5:45 the next morning. A sleeping car will leave the Central Depot, New York, for Nashua, at 11:30 A. M., arriving in Worcester at 7:30 A. M., (stopping half an hour for breakfast,) and will be attached to the Bangor Express, leaving Worcester in which were his store and rooms, and his instruments, and entire stock. Loss \$6000, with no insurance.

We have received from Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston, the following pieces of new music: My Dearest Heart; Emma Polka, by C. G. Bergendal; Seven Pictures, or Six Instructional Pieces for Small Hands, by Josephine.

THE POLITICAL SITUATION. The question of who is to be inaugurated as President of this Republic on the 4th of March next, still occupies a large share of public attention. The Arctic wave may have cooled somewhat, but the ardor of the more excitable ones, who are in general agreement with the author of the "Tea Party," will probably continue to increase, and the discussion of the question of who is to be elected, will be a prominent topic of conversation throughout the country, with half of the contents of the two volumes to be derived from hitherto unused manuscripts. There are copious foot-notes which give the author's authority for all his important statements, and altogether, this edition is much the most valuable life of this distinguished Englishman that has ever appeared. The price of the work is \$5.00, and may be had of Bailey & Noyes, Portland.

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Poetry.

Waiting.

Come to me—come in the twilight,
Come to see now, while I stand
Here at the door-way, waiting
For the last kiss of the loved hand.
Vanished, but unforget;

Absent, but ever near;
There art my son's old bed,
The place where my heart most dear.

Only an echo answers,
And only the song of a bird,
Sings louder than the silence—
The sadness that ever was heard—

A tale of a maid, that at morning,
Sang while the birds in the tree;
A life of love, and a home,
In days so happy with thee.

How long must this silence continue?
How long must the world wait?
Fainter still the wild bird's singing
Are my thoughts, as I stand here, waiting.

My footstep—so slow, and so late.

Our Story Teller.

GOOD FORTUNE AT LAST.

I stood by the garden fence the morning before I was to leave the old home forever, and looked up and down the road.

The first who came along was the child of a neighbor, a little girl with a white mug in one hand and her two pennies tightly clutched in the other.

Coming along in the same direction was a singular looking man in rags.

His long-handled net in one hand, and his bin box slung at his side were not necessary to show me that he was a "bug-hunter," for the cruel wretch gave me a pinch on the nose, and pinned me to the ground with his hat, with its wings fastened down to a slip of cardboard.

I saw that he was young and good-looking, and he had taste for me.

He was a boy, however, and he was given warning to Mrs. Darnell that morning.

"Ain't got none," was the reply.

"Oh stuff and nonsense! she is here."

And getting up, and going on his way,

We were expecting Victor home—though neither Mr. Drury nor his aunt knew our whereabouts—when one morning our entomologist brought us some music from a bug.

"And, sure enough, if there's nothing worth All your care, when the years are past,

But love in heaven, and love on earth,

Begin to lay up treasure to-day,

Treasure that nothing can buy, my

Bless the Lord!" says Grandmother Gray.

"What does it do you?" I asked.

"What ever is customary. I don't know what else."

"It is easy to see that you're not accustomed to service. I gave my last girl \$14 a month, and allowed her every Sunday.

"The wages will do, Madam; and, as for the Sunday out, I should like to go to church once a week; but I have no acquaintances, and in New York shall make none."

"I am very well; when can you come?"

"As soon as I have my trunk brought here, ma'am."

Nothing was said about reference, but I evidently credits my story, and by after noon I was installed as mistress of the kitchen, where I found all these madam labor-saving contrivances which have reduced kitchen toll to its minimum. I found my fellow-servant, the chamber maid, was a widow, and she had given warning to Mrs. Darnell that morning.

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Nothing was said about reference, but I evidently credits my story, and by after noon I was installed as mistress of the kitchen, where I found all these madam labor-saving contrivances which have reduced kitchen toll to its minimum. I found my fellow-servant, the chamber maid, was a widow, and she had given warning to Mrs. Darnell that morning.

"Ain't got none," was the reply.

"Oh stuff and nonsense! she is here."

"And getting up, and going on his way,

We were expecting Victor home—though neither Mr. Drury nor his aunt knew our whereabouts—when one morning our entomologist brought us some music from a bug.

"And, sure enough, if there's nothing worth All your care, when the years are past,

But love in heaven, and love on earth,

Begin to lay up treasure to-day,

Treasure that nothing can buy, my

Bless the Lord!" says Grandmother Gray.

"What does it do you?" I asked.

"What ever is customary. I don't know what else."

"It is easy to see that you're not accustomed to service. I gave my last girl \$14 a month, and allowed her every Sunday.

"The wages will do, Madam; and, as for the Sunday out, I should like to go to church once a week; but I have no acquaintances, and in New York shall make none."

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